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Friendship Hill—rear lawn, scene of Lafayette feast.

Historic Friendship Hill

Home of Albert Gallatin

By Minnie Kendall Lowther

Author of

*Mount Vernon, Its Children, Its Romances, Its Allied Families
and Mansions*

Blennerhassett Island in Romance and Tragedy, etc.

*A fascinating story of beautiful old Friendship Hill
from 1788 when Albert Gallatin
obtained title to the present*

THE TUTTLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

RUTLAND, VERMONT

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BY
Minnie Kendall Lowther

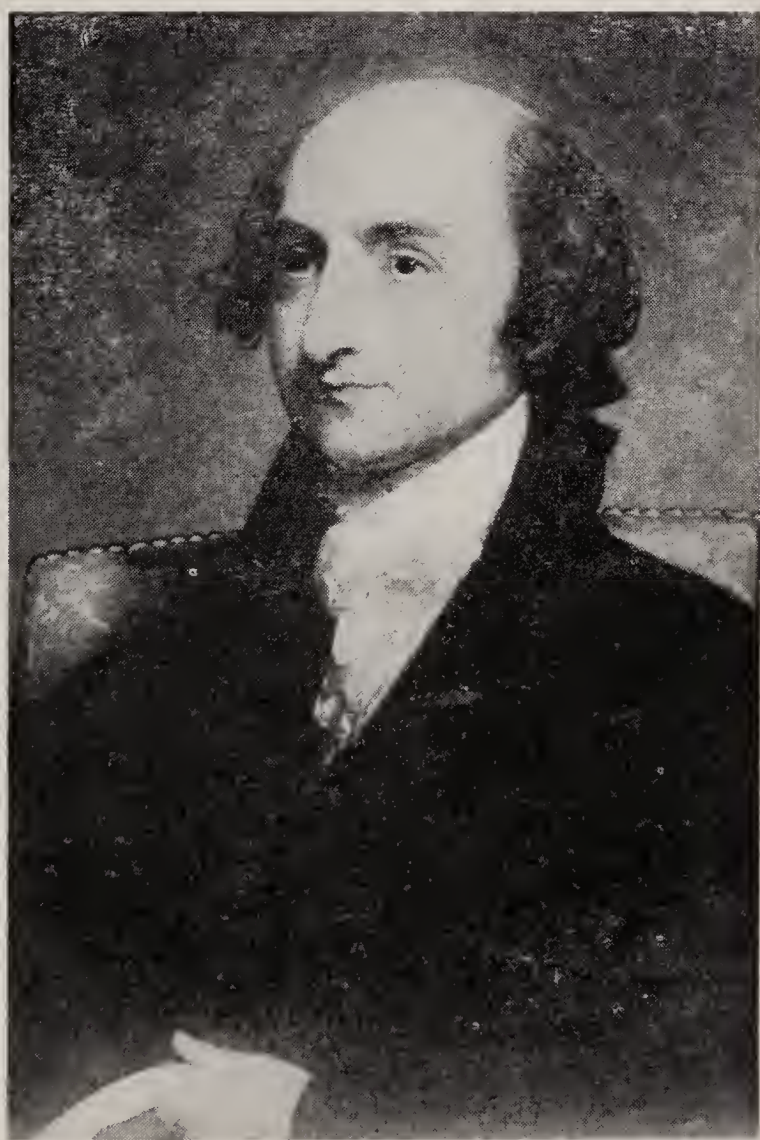
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To the

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*Liberty-loving Republics so
Fittingly linked by the names
of
Albert Gallatin and Friendship Hill*



Youthful portrait of Gallatin

"I will not serve a tyrant."

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*Old homes among the hills!
I love their gardens,
Their old rock fences
That our day inherits,
Their doors, around which the great
Trees stand like wardens.*

—MADISON CAWEIN

Prelude

This little volume came into being in response to a call for a concise story of Friendship Hill and its renowned builder; and its aim has been to touch briefly and authentically the outstanding points of Mr. Gallatin's career; to assemble about the mansion and the estate the more intimate side of the family life with its local colorings, its touching romance and lonely grave in the forest, and its memorable reminiscences—for volumes can be obtained elsewhere concerning the public life of Gallatin.

Small as this book may seem, it includes the exploration of a large field in its compilation—a field which includes the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress; old letters and diary of James Gallatin, the son; local histories; biographies of Adams and Stevens; story of the romance and run-away marriage of Gallatin and his first wife, which we have had translated from the French; personal avenues; and the genealogy of the Gallatin-Nicholson Families by William Plumb, as verification of the younger generations.

We now start a third edition of the book on its way, with interest greatly enlarged in the historic home; for in the meantime, with the Friendship Hill Association in charge, thousands from all over our land, and many from other lands, have paid homage to the beautiful place and have spread the story far and wide. It is now fixed in the public mind as a National Shrine, and this little volume will still tell its romantic touching story, to those who have not heard.

M. K. L.

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Front view of Friendship Hill to-day.

1

Gallatin Finds Friendship Hill

The name and fame of Albert Gallatin must ever cling, as the trailing tendrils of the ivy to the wall, about dear old Friendship Hill. He was the first Swiss to inscribe his name in the annals of Young America; and the preservation of his home as a national shrine is but just recognition of a service in the political history of our country, which has no parallel in any other foreign-born citizen.

Friendship Hill stands upon a high elevation overlooking the Monongahela River in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, nearly fifteen miles south of Uniontown, the county seat, and not far from the West Virginia line. This vast country estate was the realization of Young Gallatin's college-day dream; and the touching romance of his early life, with its tragedy, is entwined about it.

It was in 1780 when the colonies were in the throes of their struggle for liberty that he cast his lot in America. Looking back through the vista of years, we vision a youth of scarcely nineteen stealing away from the tyranny of his native land. He had noble blood in his veins. Intellect, honor, and courage had come down to him through a long line of ancestors, who had dis-

tinguished themselves on fields of battle, in civil, political, and religious life. These ancestors had joined John Calvin in his opposition to the power of Rome in 1535, at the time of the Great Reformation; and after the elevation of Geneva to the rank of sovereign republic, the history of the Gallatins had been virtually the history of that city. Five of the name had been at the head of state from time to time; and in accord with the governmental system, they were uncompromising autocrats.

Strange as it may seem, Young Gallatin despised the system that his forebears upheld. At the home of his dominating old Grandmother when a child he had often met Voltaire, whose philosophy and sage advice made a deep impression on his mind. Though left an orphan at a tender age, his education was not neglected, and he was graduated with high honors. But the time had now come for him to choose a profession, and his autocratic, ambitious Grandmother insisted upon a command in the Army of the Landgrave. He scorned it with the reply, "I will not serve a tyrant." A sharp box on the ear, from that irate Grandmother, decided his step, and undoubtedly wrote the preface to his career in the New World.

Henry Serre, a college chum, was the companion of his voyage. They landed at Cape Ann on July 14, 1780, a little more than a year before the fall of Yorktown, and made their way on horseback to Boston. From there, they went to Machias, Maine, a frontier trading post,

where Albert Gallatin enlisted under Colonel Allen, and even advanced money for the cause of Freedom. Though this act of generosity almost reduced him to penury, he wrote a friend in after years, "I never met the enemy, so I lay no claim to military service." He soon, however, realized that the "tented field" was not his bent, and not long after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis returned to Boston, where he taught French to private pupils and in Harvard University in 1782.

At Boston, he met Savery de Valcoulon, a Frenchman who had crossed to America for the purpose of prosecuting some claims against the commonwealth of Virginia for advances made by his firm at Lyons during the American Revolution. He could not speak English, and was glad to come in contact with one of Young Gallatin's character and ability. They went together to New York, and from there to Philadelphia, where they were joined by Serre, who had been detained for a time.

For three years, from the time they left Geneva until this hour, Gallatin had furnished the money and Serre the personal charm for the partnership, and now it must end. They had reached the parting of the ways. Serre gave Gallatin his note for six hundred dollars for his part of the expenses, and joined a fellow-countryman for Jamaica, where he passed out of the picture in 1794. This account was not settled until a half-century later by the will of Serre's sister. Thus the

first epoch of Young Gallatin's life in the New World comes to a close.

Gallatin had just about reached the end of his resources by this time, and was glad to accept the invitation of his new friend, Savery, to accompany him to Richmond. But before leaving Philadelphia, Gallatin acquired title to one thousand acres of land between the Great and Little Kanawha Rivers in Monongalia County, for which he paid the sum of one hundred pounds in Virginia currency. Just at this moment, the land craze struck Savery, and he purchased large tracts in which he arranged for Gallatin to become a partner. The Monongalia County records show, Survey book number 3, page 354, that the deed of Albert Gallatin and Savery de Valcoulon, assignee of Gallatin, for one thousand four hundred and seventy-two acres, is dated July 20, 1784, though the land was entered the year before, it seems. However, they now took up their residence at Richmond, and during the spring of 1784 Gallatin crossed the line into Fayette County, Pennsylvania, with an exploring party, and selected a site on the farm of Thomas Clare at the juncture of the Monongahela River and Georges Creek, about four miles from what is now the West Virginia line, built a log hut, opened a store, and remained until the end of the year. Gallatin had a colonization plan in mind for his lands. The repeated uprisings of the Indians on the Virginia side made this impossible, but in Novem-

ber, 1785, he and Savery returned to Georges Creek, rented a house of Thomas Clare, and established their residence in Springhill Township. In 1788 Gallatin purchased Friendship Hill of Nicholas Blake, with the patrimony that came to him from the homeland. It was in 1794-5 that he obtained title to the tract of land on both sides of the mouth of Georges Creek, including the site of New Geneva, of John and William George Wilson.

New Geneva Founded

This town had been founded years before the coming of Mr. Gallatin by the Wilsons under the name of Wilson's Port, but the new owner enlarged and improved it and changed its name to New Geneva in honor of the Swiss town of his birth. In copartnership with others, in 1796, he here established the first glass factory west of the Allegheny Mountains; and formed the organization known as "A. Gallatin & Company" for the purpose of securing additional lands, which were to be held in trust by the company. The site of this glass factory was near a mile above the town on the south bank of Georges Creek. A stone church built by aid of Mr. Gallatin; and the old stone storehouse of his brother-in-law, James W. Nicholson, who was the secretary of the company, still stand at New Geneva. For more than forty years Albert Gallatin was a nominal

resident of Fayette County, and one of its most prominent public figures.

When Gallatin first went to Pennsylvania he thought that he was in Virginia, but in 1783 the Virginia Assembly awoke to find that the courthouse of Monongalia County, [West] Virginia was in Pennsylvania; and when the correct boundary line was established between the states, [West] Virginia lost Friendship Hill and other valuable territory. The Monongalia County records show that Albert Gallatin owned 48,635 acres of land in that county in 1783. The records of Washington County, Pennsylvania, Deed book 1-D, page 65, show that Thomas Clare on March 27, 1787, sold fifty acres to Savery de Valcoulon and Albert Gallatin in Washington County on East side of Big Whitely Creek, same tract that Thomas Clare bought of Elías Long. Deed is signed by Thomas Clare and John Badollet.

Gallatin Meets General Washington

It was while at Georges Creek in September, 1784, that Mr. Gallatin first met General Washington and encountered the "withering look" that has so many versions. But let us take the one left to us by the late Honorable William Beach Lawrence from A. B. Hurlbert's "Washington and the West," which includes the daily journal of General Washington while on this mission; and which is quoted first hand by Mr. Gallatin himself:

Mr. Lawrence says: "Among the incidents connected with his [Gallatin's] earliest explorations was an interview with General Washington, which he repeatedly recounted to me. He had previously observed that of all the inaccessible men he had ever met, General Washington was the most so. And this remark he made (again) late in life, after having been conversant with most of the sovereigns of Europe and their prime ministers. He [Gallatin] said in connection with his office, he had a cot-bed in the office of the surveyor of the district when Washington, who had lands in the neighborhood, and was desirous of effecting communication between the rivers, came there. Gallatin had given up his bed to him and was lying on the floor immediately

below the table at which Washington was writing (in his diary). Washington was endeavoring to reduce to paper the calculations of the day. Gallatin, hearing the statement, came at once to the conclusion, and after waiting some time, he, himself, gave the answer, which drew from Washington such a look of rebuke as he [Gallatin] had never experienced before or since. On arriving by a slow process at his conclusion, Washington turned to Gallatin and said, "You are right, young man." John Russell Bartlett, who gives practically the same version from Gallatin's own lips, says that Washington inquired the identity of the "forward young man" and later asked him to be his land agent—but Gallatin declined.

The surveyor's office at this time was at the home of John Pierpoint, the grandfather of Francis H. Pierpoint, the war governor of West Virginia; and it stood near the old Pierpoint Methodist Episcopal Church, about four miles from Morgantown. There is little doubt that this famous incident took place here at the Pierpoint home. Washington's journal entry of September 24, 1784, will bear this out; as he notes that he waited at the Pierpoint home until General Zackquill Morgan could be summoned from Morgantown; as Mr. Morgan seemed to be an authority on inland navigation and highways. Some authorities claim that Gallatin's expression was in favor of the Braddock Road, which was also under consideration as the most feasible route

for a highway from East to West. But be this as it may, in less than twenty years, this "forward young man," as secretary of the Treasury, had the privilege of carrying out, to some extent at least, the identical plan of General Washington in the improvement of these rivers and highways.

The high regard General Washington had for Mr. Gallatin is disclosed in a letter to his secretary under date of April 8, 1793, when he says, "I wish you would inquire of Mr. Gallatin and others from the Western Country into whose hands I could entrust to advantage the management of my business in the counties of Fayette and Washington:" for it seems that he was not satisfied with the management of those in charge.

Mr. Gallatin loved Virginia before he knew Pennsylvania. He could not comprehend the interest that was manifested in him—a stranger, at Richmond. He was only an interpreter for Savery, but this brought him in contact with the leading men of the day, and it was here that his ability as a speaker was first recognized. "Everyone encouraged me and was disposed to promote my success in life," he writes a friend. John Marshall saw his fitness for the law and offered him a place in his office free of charge. Patrick Henry visioned in him the future statesman and advised him to go West. In one of his letters, he writes, "I was received by that proverbial hospitality to which I know no parallel anywhere within the circle of my travels." It was

in the commonwealth of Virginia, at the October term of court, 1785, in Monongalia County that he took the oath of allegiance to his adopted country, and there became an American Citizen.



The old well at Friendship Hill.

The Mansion Built

The original grant for Friendship Hill, which was made to Albert Gallatin on January 26, 1788, hangs upon the library wall to-day in silent testimony of this fateful transaction. It calls for three hundred and seventy acres, but a later purchase increased it to four hundred and eighty acres. It now has six hundred and eighty.

Tradition tells us that it took its musical name from an old Indian Camping ground known as "Friendly Hill" which was not far distant from the present site of the mansion. The old grant, however, verifies that it was known as Friendship Hill when Mr. Gallatin came into possession of it.

It is not definitely known when the original brick house was completed. It was evidently habitable when Mr. Gallatin brought his first bride home in June, 1789. For on May 4 he wrote his good friend Badollet in regard to the probability of his marriage and home-coming by June, and added, "I should like very much that the house be finished." The mansion addition was completed in 1823. It was built of stone from a quarry on the estate under the supervision of Albert Gallatin II, while the rest of the family were in Paris. His superstition is evidenced in the omission of the

“unlucky thirteen” in the number of walnut beams used, as he skips from twelve to fourteen.

Ellis, a local historian, tells an amusing story of Mr. Gallatin's displeasure when he first beheld the new mansion. Upon his return from Paris, he hastened to New Geneva, where he joined his son Albert at the home of James W. Nicholson, and they drove to Friendship Hill. It seemed that the architectural plans had been altered to suit the notion of the builders; and as they approached the mansion, the Father said, “Which is the front?” The son replied, “It faces the South.” So complete was Mr. Gallatin's disgust, after unexpected additional expense in building, that his flow of language at this moment is said to have equalled Washington's to Lee at Monmouth, “when the very leaves quivered on the surrounding trees.” The following letter to his daughter, when he had formed a closer acquaintance with the new structure, somewhat verifies this story of his displeasure.

This letter was sent from New Geneva on September 17, 1823, and reads:

“Notwithstanding all my exertions, you will find it hard enough when you come here next spring to accommodate yourself to the privations of the wildness of the country.

“Our house has been built by a new Irish carpenter, who was always head over heels and added much to the disorder inseparable from building. Being unac-

quainted with the Grecian architecture, he adopted an Hyberno-teutonic style; so the outside of the house, with its porthole-looking windows has the appearance of Irish Barracks, whilst the inside ornaments are similar to those of a Dutch Tavern; and I must acknowledge that these form a singular contrast with the French marble Chimney-pieces, paper, and mirrors. On one side of that mass of stone, which Lucien calls 'the chateau,' and in full view as you approach it, is a wing consisting of the gable-end of a log house with its chimney front; and I could not pull it down, as it is the kitchen and dining-room where are daily fed two masons and plasterers, two attendants, two stone quarriers, two painters, and a carpenter, besides those who board themselves, namely: Lucien, Albert's black Peter, and Mr. and Mrs. French.

"The grounds are overgrown with elders, ironweed, stinking weeds, laurel, several varieties of briars, impenetrable thickets of brush, vines and underwood, amongst which are discovered vestiges of old asparagus, and new artichoke beds, and now and then a spontaneous apple or peachtree.

"As to Albert, he has four guns, a pointer, three boats, two riding-horses, and a pet colt, smaller than a jackass, who feeds on the fragments of my old lilacs and 'alhea fintex.' His own clothes adorn the parlor and only sitting room in the old brick house; for the frame house is partly occupied by the Buffle Family,

and partly encumbered by various boxes and Albert's billiard table—the pockets of which are made with stockings.”

Quite a description! But that was in its swaddling days. Let us take a glimpse of the old place again a few months later, when James Gallatin and his bride, Josephine Pascault, joined the rest of the family here in the early summer time. It was under date of June 8, 1824 that James Gallatin enters his impressions in his diary which has since been published in book form:

“We have been here for some time. The place itself is delightful; the views, superior. Air is as pure as air can be, but not a soul to speak to—not a neighbor, with the exception of some totally uneducated farmers, their wives and daughters. We are all here. Frances has a pony. Josephine is not allowed to ride at present so I ride a huge farm horse, who is as thin as a knife. No roads; so we risk our lives every moment. Albert sometimes rides in front of us, and when approaching a dangerous spot, he blows a horn. I wish some of our Paris ‘intines’ could see us—how amused they would be! Mama attends to all our personal comforts. We have many, too many, servants.

“Frances has named it ‘Castle Solitude!’ Our greatest friends are mosquitoes, who certainly keep us company.”

Continuing the interesting description of the place at this period, we turn to the next chapter, which is set apart to the visit of General Lafayette—the greatest

red letter day in the history of Friendship Hill—which we see through the eyes that looked upon that scene and participated in the making of this history.



Meadow and River Views.



Lafayette room.

Lafayette at Friendship Hill
1825



Landing at Castle Garden, August, 1824

“Lafayette we are here!”

*Our Garlands are as fragrant with memory to-day
as the acclaim was clamorous a century ago.*

Lafayette as a Guest

The visit of Lafayette at Friendship Hill, while he was a guest of the Nation, 1824-5, stands out as the towering event in the annals of the old estate. It was on this spacious lawn with its commanding view that the memorable feast was spread in his honor. Many are the versions of that great affair, which have come down through the descendants of those who participated in that fete; but for the sake of accuracy let us lay aside our pen for a moment, and listen through the radio of years to the description of an eye witness of that hour:

Lafayette's private secretary is talking to his journal: He first notes that Lafayette accepted the invitation of Albert Gallatin, while at Uniontown, as the Nation's guest, "to repose himself for a short time in the bosom of the family." Then says, "We set out for New Geneva, a charming residence situated on the high and rocky banks of the Monongahela, at some distance from Uniontown.

"A detachment of militia from the company of Lafayette in whose ranks was a son of Mr. Gallatin [James had been called to assist his father at this time] escorted us, and through the whole route, we met

groups of inhabitants, who, in joyful acclamations, blended the name of Lafayette with that of Gallatin, to which were associated the remembrance of innumerable services rendered to this part of Pennsylvania. We found New Geneva—named in honor of Gallatin's native land, all that could contribute to the pleasure of a visit. To the advantages of a situation, happily chosen, are added the charms of an amiable and intelligent society. But the General was far from finding there the solitude which his Friend had promised. During the twenty-four hours, which we remained at this delightful place, the doors remained open to give free access to the good people of the neighborhood, who came in crowds to salute the beloved guest."

May 27, 1825, was evidently the day set apart by that feast. For under date of May 28, the Secretary continues:

"Gallatin reconducted us to Uniontown where we took leave of him to go to Elizabethtown, a little village on the banks of the Monongahela. We arrived about 12 o'clock where a boat propelled by four oars received us on board, and we descended the river to the famous Braddock Field, which we reached some time after sunset." He further notes his impressions of "these shores which in times past echoed with the cries of victory from the adventurous sons of France," and adds, "Upon this field, even at this day, the plow could not trace a furrow without bringing up bones

whitened by time, and fragments of arms corroded by rust, is situated the large elegant mansion of Mr. Wallace by whom we, as well as our companions, were received with most touching and amiable hospitality."

At daybreak on the following morning came the triumphal march from Braddock Field to Pittsburgh, where Lafayette met and embraced Wilson, the young soldier who first proffered his services to carry him on a litter when he was wounded on the field of Brandywine. The Reverend Joseph Wilson, also a companion-in-arms, greeted the General here.

James Gallatin is now speaking to his Diary, which gives us another picture of the great affair:

"The meeting at Uniontown and the reception of Monsieur de Lafayette far surpassed anything that I have ever seen in this country. People came from miles around and camped out, bringing their tents. Lafayette is the Nation's Guest; so was surrounded by a huge, mounted bodyguard. He spoke just after Father had introduced him, Father spoke after him and I really think he must have been inspired. His French accent seemed to leave him, as he became excited. The subject was the critical position of the Greeks. He must have inspired his audience; as I have never heard such an outburst of genuine enthusiasm and cheering; it lasted quite half an hour. Monsieur de Lafayette embraced him publicly. We returned to Friendship Hill and quite a thousand strong sat down to supper in relays.

Mama had arranged everything wonderfully. Rows and rows of table in the gardens; hundreds of niggers all dressed in white to serve. Yesterday we passed in quiet, but there were callers all day for Monsieur de Lafayette. We had a quiet dinner, which Monsieur de Lafayette said reminded him of the Rue de l'Université. I do not think he was the only one reminded of it. He left this morning as he has a prolonged tour to make, and a very short time to make it in. I go back tomorrow to bring Josephine and my son here for the summer." This is written under date of May 27, and is slightly variant from the other accounts.

Albert Gallatin, the host, is now speaking in a letter to a friend on June 10, 1825:

"We are here very retired, which suits me and my sons, but is not so agreeable to the ladies. The uniformity of our life has been enlivened by the visit of our friend Lafayette, but he was in a great hurry, and the Nation's guest had but little time to give to personal friends, that, too, encumbered even in my house with a prodigious crowd."

The Reception at Brownsville

The reception at Brownsville prefaced the one at Uniontown, and was so prolonged in its entertainment that the waiting throng at Uniontown became impatient. Couriers were kept busy bearing the news back and

forth between the two towns. Finally, according to James Haddon's "History of Uniontown," George Craft, the high sheriff of Fayette County, was dispatched to Brownsville with the following message to General Lafayette:

"Union, 26th May, 1825—Lafayette, you must come—you must come, Lafayette.—Gallatin."

Craft, mounted upon a fast steed, reached Brownsville in less than an hour, and by pushing his way through the throng, and entering the hotel by a window, he promptly delivered his message to Lafayette, who was still seated at the banquet table. On reading the note, the General rose with the playful words, "Gentlemen," I am now in the hands of the high sheriff of Fayette County, whose summons I must obey. I therefore pray to be excused," and left the room.

Mr. Gallatin met him about two miles out of Uniontown, where the affectionate embrace took place, but it was 5.30 o'clock that evening when the approach of the distinguished party was announced by thirteen signal guns. A half hour later, the shouts of "Welcome Lafayette," heralded the entrance to the city.

The festivities continued far into the night. During the evening Lafayette withdrew to his hotel for the purpose of looking over his mail, which was delivered by the Postmaster in person, and which was the largest individual delivery in the history of the post-office. Early on the following morning the distinguished

guest and his party proceeded to Friendship Hill, stopping at New Geneva where the citizens played their part in the acclaim.

Mr. Gallatin's address of welcome at Uniontown, with its fitness and eloquence, its peerless depth of thought and its beauty of diction, is classed as a masterpiece. It is still preserved as is Lafayette's response; copies of committee arrangements, and other valuable papers which add their mute testimony to the wonders of that hour; and definitely fix the time of the reception at Uniontown, which must govern its never-to-be-forgotten sequel at Friendship Hill.

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Old sideboard, State Dining Room

Sophia Allegre

The little grave in the wildwood



*In the cold, moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.*

—BRYANT

5

Early Romance of Friendship Hill

“All the world is interested in love and lovers.” Every old mansion must have its romance; and not the least of the interest that clusters about Friendship Hill is the touching story of the early love of Mr. Gallatin’s life, which centers about a lonely, unmarked grave in the forest not far from the stately old mansion.

A beautiful French girl was the principal figure in this tragic drama which was enacted in the year 1789; and, while Mr. Gallatin found balm for his grief in a more fortunate attachment, the image of that girlish form and face was never effaced from his heart.

Sophia Allegre, the first love of Albert Gallatin, was the daughter of William and Jane Battersby Allegre, a French Protestant Family of Richmond, Virginia. Her father was dead and her mother had charge of a boarding house when Young Gallatin entered the home as a lodger. Jane, the elder daughter, had married Louis Pauley, a Frenchman, against her mother’s will; and when Albert Gallatin sought the hand of Sophia, it was too much for the mother. Many stories have been told concerning this affair, but let us turn to Mr. Gallatin’s own version of it; as related to his good friend,

Badollet, in a letter from Richmond, dated May 4, 1789, which we have had translated from the French:

Gallatin's Letter to Badollet

“My good Friend: I arrived here the first of April and have been up to the present so occupied with my love affairs that I have had the head for nothing else. Sophia was at the home of her brother-in-law, Pauley, at New Kent. I passed there more than fifteen days at two different times. She has not been coquettish with me, but from the second day has given her full consent; has declared to me that she would have given it to me at my first trip, or perhaps sooner, if I had asked it of her; had always believed that I loved her, but had been surprised at not having heard me spoken of for a year, which caused her response to Savery that you brought me. Had not wished to open herself since to Savery, because, not having replied to my letter, she was afraid I had changed and did not wish to make a useless confidence. There is the good thing; here is the bad:

“Her mother, who doubted very much that I was at New Kent for the love of Pauley, ordered her daughter to come back, and I, in fact, took her to Richmond. I then asked for Sophia. She was furious; refused me in the most brutal manner, and almost forbade me her house. She didn't wish that her daughter be dragged

off to the frontier of Pennsylvania by a man without charm, without fortune, who sputtered English like a Frenchman, and who had been a schoolmaster at Cambridge. I laughed at the greater part of her objections and tried to reply to the others. But I was unable to make her listen to reason, and she has sent Sophia into the country to the home of one of her friends. She is a she-devil whom her daughter fears horribly; to the extent that I shall have trouble in persuading her to ignore the maternal consent. I believe, however, that I shall succeed, and that is for what I am going to work in spite of the difficulty that I experience in seeing and talking to her. When this affair is decided, I shall think of those business matters. I am yet more decided than ever to end entirely with Savery, whose conduct during my absence has been almost extravagant. But not a word on this matter. I have seen Perrin here, who has just set out again for France. Savery paid his passage. He sustained to the end his unworthy character, having said to Madame Allegre all the bad possible of the Monongahela, while he knew from a stolen letter that I loved her daughter; having finished by lying to and deceiving Savery, who has quite recovered his senses on his account (or where he is concerned). Everyone here tells me evil of him.

“I believe in view of all I have to do here, I shall scarcely be able to leave here until next month. If I get married, it will be in about fifteen days—thus you

can expect me about the middle of June. Try to plant potatoes in abundance that we may have enough of them for you and me. I should very much like the house finished, but if you cannot manage that, do me the favor of saking Clare to hurry up Wibel. I do not speak of our future arrangements, because I do not see anything clearly yet, and it is necessary first that I finish with Savery. Mrs. Pauley, the sister of Sophia, has helped me as much as she could with her mother, but she dissuades her sister from marriage against her mother's consent. For the rest, the mother tells everybody as much evil of me as she can, and makes herself by that so much worse to me. Adieu, my good friend, I think of you all the time that I am not occupied with Sophia. I hope that when we are more linked by a third [person, I suppose] our days will be happier."

However, then as now, and in all ages that have gone before, love "laughed at locksmiths," and one fair day in May, when all Nature whispered of love and happiness, the gentle Sophia Allegre and Albert Gallatin plighted their troth.

This marriage bond is said to be on record in Henrico County, Virginia, under date of May 14, 1789; and it reads:

"We, Albert Gallatin and Savery de Valcoulon, are firmly bound unto Beverly Randolph, Esq., governor of the commonwealth of Virginia in the sum of fifty

pounds current money; the condition being a marriage shortly to be solemnized between the above-bound Albert Gallatin and Sophia Allegre."

But the promised happiness of this step was not to be fulfilled. For within a few brief months, "ere her orange blossoms had scarvelly withered," they made her a grave in the depth of the forest. It was a bright October day when she suddenly fell asleep; and here where she asked to be laid without epitaph, she rests within a stone wall inslosure. It is as she would have it. She wanted to be forgotten.

A pathetic little incident which verifies this statement has been handed down by the descendants of a lad who later became a prominent citizen of Greensboro. It is to the effect that this lad was out hunting with Mr. Gallatin one day when they sat down to rest near this little mound. After sitting for some time, as if deeply buried in thought, Mr. Gallatin turned to the lad and said: "There lies one of the purest and best women God ever made. I would have erected a monument to her memory only that she requested me to not do so, preferring that her grave should not be marked. She said that I would know where she was laid, and, as to the rest of the world, it was of little importance."

Once while the family were in Paris, James Gallatin makes note in his diary of the quiet time that he had enjoyed with his father, Oct. 22, 1822, and adds, "For the first time, he has mentioned his first wife to me.

She was evidently the real love of his life. They were married only a few months when she died. Now I understand why he wishes to return to Western Virginia. She died and is buried there. I do not think that he has ever mentioned her name to mama. Her memory is a sort of sacred cult to him. It seems that there was no doctor within reach; he dared not leave her, and she died in great suffering in his arms."

Doubtless this being the anniversary time of the year when she faded from his sight, brought it more vividly before him.

At another time when James was speaking with his father concerning the lost fortune of his own fiancée, Mr. Gallatin replied, "That should not be a barrier to happiness. She [referring to Sophia] had no money but we loved each other." In the year following her death in expressing his affection for Badollet, he said, "Even in this moment, I feel how much consolation I should receive from the only friend who knew my amiable Sophia."

The only personal glimpse we have of her is thorough the pathetic appeal for forgiveness that she sent to her mother, which has lived through the century. It was written from New Kent, May 16, 1789, two days after the nuptials and reads:

"My dear Mama: — Shall I venture to write you a few lines in apology for my late conduct? and dare flatter myself that you will attend to them? If so, and

you can feel a motherly tenderness for your child, who never before wilfully offended you, forgive, dear Mother, and generously accept again your poor Sophia, who feels for the uneasiness she is sure she has occasioned you. She deceived you, but it was for her own happiness. Could you then form a wish to destroy the future peace of your child and prevent her being united to the man of her choice? He is, perhaps, not a very handsome man, but is possessed of more essential qualities, which I shall not pretend to enumerate, as coming from me they might be supposed to be partial. If, Mama, your heart is inclinable to forgive, or if it not, let me beg you to write to me, as my only anxiety is to know whether I have lost your affection or not. Forgive me, dear Mama, as it is all that is wanting to complete the happiness of her who wishes for your happiness, and desires to be considered again your dutiful daughter.—Sophia.”

The pathos of this letter is enhanced in the light of to-day with the vision of this lonely grave before us. Tradition says that no word of forgiveness ever came, and thus ends the available record of the brief life of the beautiful Sophia Allegre Gallatin, the first bride of Friendship Hill.

Weird stories, which fall from the lips of the fanciful, hang about this lowly mound. Mediums visiting the spot in more recent years claim to draw from their communion with the unseen spirit, the following story:

That Sophia died of loneliness. When she came to Friendship Hill, as a bride, it was a wilderness, wild and drear. Her husband was absorbed in politics and the stern duties of public life. Her Mother's forgiveness was withheld, and she could not endure the loneliness that surrounded her. She would take her pillow—so the story goes—and lie in this quiet spot in the depth of the forest and look up at the blue above—then, and then only, did she find peace and rest; that is why she requested to be laid here.

The very light of Mr. Gallatin's life went out, when this fair girl-bride vanished from his sight. The place lost its charm; and he would gladly have turned his back upon it forever, but he could not dispose of it. He plunged into politics deeper than ever to drown his grief. It was at this time that his affairs were neglected. But fairer skies were before him; a more fortunate union was in store. And we turn to the second Romance of dear old Friendship Hill.

Hannah Nicholson

It was while Albert Gallatin was on an excursion to the North that he met Miss Hannah Nicholson, a member of the party, who made a lasting impression upon him. Some weeks later when he returned to Philadelphia, he carried with him her promise to be his bride. Unlike the first love, the parental blessing awaited them. Again he confides the secret of his new-found happiness to that tried and true friend, Badollet, on July 30, 1793. His letter reads:

"I know you will be happy in hearing that I am contracted with a girl, about twenty-five years old, who is neither handsome nor rich, but sensible, well-informed, good-natured, and belonging to a respectable and very amiable family, who, I believe, are satisfied with the intended match." Quite a difference in the fervor of this announcement and that of his first love, but the shattered dream of his youthful romance was somewhat fulfilled in the happiness of his maturer love.

Albert Gallatin and Hannah Nicholson were married on November 11, 1793, in the old Dutch Reformed Church in New York City. Miss Nicholson possessed all the womanly graces of mind and heart that go to make up the demands of a home, and to fill the feminine niche in a man's public life, and she lives in history.

She was born at Chestertown, Maryland, on September, 11, 1766; and came of a long line of notable ancestors. Some eighteen members of the Nicholson Family in succeeding generations, had distinguished themselves by service in the United States Navy, three of whom won pennants. Her father, Commodore James Nicholson, was captain of the famous "Trumbull," one of the first American frigates, and was an acknowledged leader of the Republican Party in New York. His brothers, Samuel and John Nicholson, were also officers in the Navy; and it was her brother, James Witter Nicholson, who was associated in business with Mr. Gallatin at New Geneva.

Mrs. Gallatin was well fitted for the place that awaited her as the wife of a cabinet officer, diplomat, statesman; and she proved equal to the most exacting demands of the foreign courts. She loved the gaiety of the social world, while Mr. Gallatin disliked "its frills and furbelows;" he preferring the quiet afforded for study in his forest home.

On one occasion during the reign of the peerless Dolly Madison at the White House, Mrs. Gallatin was called upon to preside in her absence; and Washington Irving leaves this record of her behavior: "Mrs. Madison was indisposed, and at last Wednesday evening's drawing room, Mrs. Gallatin presided in her place. I was not present, but those who were assure me that she fitted Mrs. Madison's chair to a miracle,

in dignity and grace; for Mrs. Gallatin is small of stature." At another time in November of the same year, 1812, Irving says, "Mrs. Gallatin was the most stylish woman in the drawing room that session; she dresses with more splendor than any other noblesse."

While the Gallatins were at the court of Paris, one of the greatest fetes in royal circles took place on a Sunday—that of celebrating the birth of the heir presumptive to the throne. Mrs. Gallatin's absence was noticed, and Mr. Gallatin's explanation, "It is Sunday," brought the quick response from the Duchess, "Mrs. Gallatin does right. She teaches us our duty."

James Gallatin, in noting some of his mother's strict ideas on religion in his diary, says, "I see at times it rather annoys Father, but he does not say anything. I can never make out what his ideas are on religion. He is a Calvinist and was brought up when a child by Mlle. Pictet very strictly. I think Voltaire and his ideas greatly influenced him. I do not care what his religion is, nobody could be any better than he is. Always so gentle, smoothing over everything and keeping peace, thoughtful of everyone, even the servants. Could there be a better man? I only wish I could approach him in any way. Mama was a Miss Nicholson. I must have some of the 'Old Nick' in me from that side of the House." Another time, he speaks of his father and mother being almost an ideal husband and wife in their thoughtfulness of others.

That this was a happy home-life is attested by the many intimacies that come to us through diary and letter. Mr. Gallatin writes of his "amiable and lovely wife and his one son;" and James continually discloses that his father is "the idol of the household." And an interesting line of descendants rise up to "call them blessed."

Public Service and Authorship

We have followed the footsteps which led Albert Gallatin, the Swiss Youth, to Friendship Hill, now we turn to the public career that finally led him away.

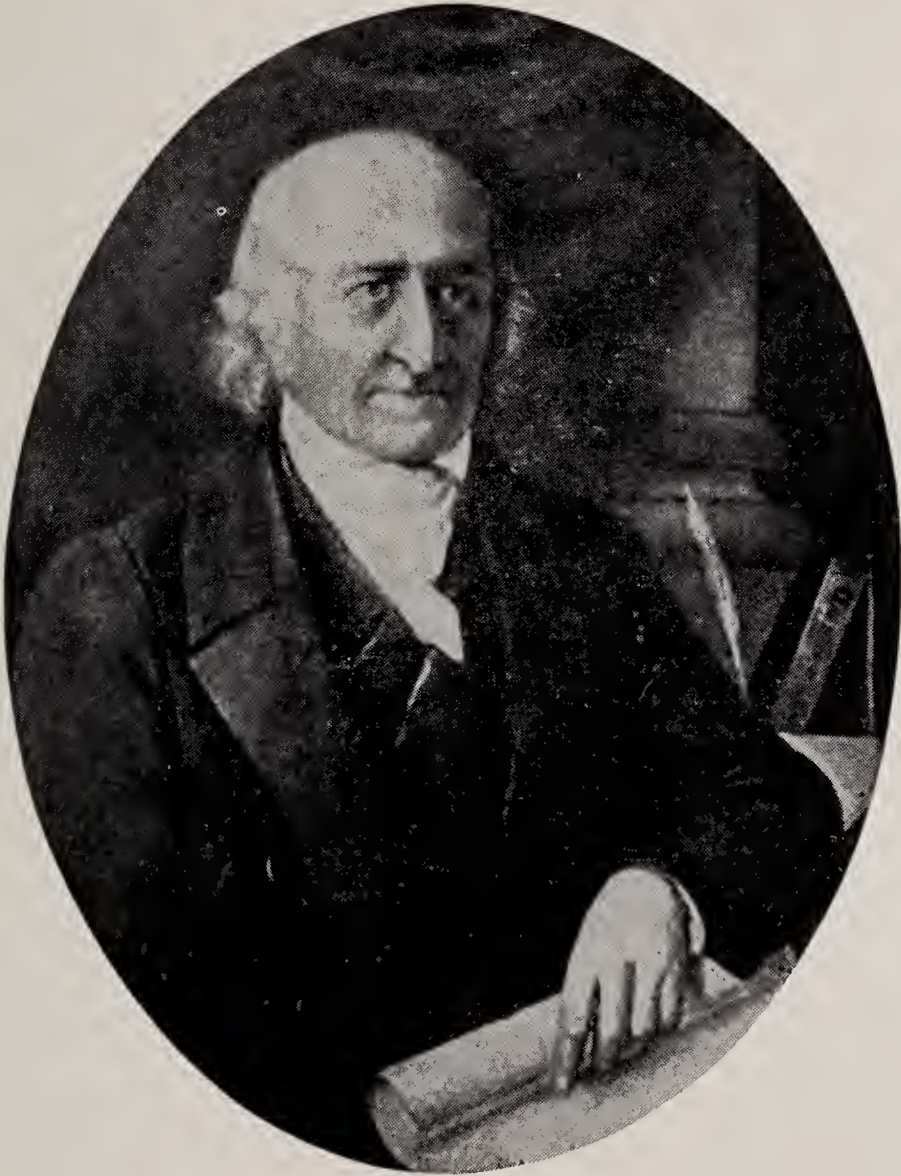
He first attracted attention as an orator by his strenuous opposition to the adoption of the Federal Constitution; and not withstanding his foreign birth and his imperfect English, he rose with unprecedented rapidity. He was a member of the Pennsylvania State Constitutional Convention, 1789-90; of the State Assembly, 1790-1; and was the author of the movement for establishing normal schools in Pennsylvania. He was elected to the United States Senate, 1793, by both political parties, but owing to some technicality of his foreign birth, was not permitted to take his seat. Two years later, however, he was elected to the House of Representatives, and became one of its most forceful leaders. Fearless and masterful in debate, his ability naturally aroused antagonism, and he was often the target for denunciation and abuse. Then his imperfect English was not infrequently the object of derision. But he had the inbred dignity and self-possession of a superior and he never forgot to be the perfect gentleman. He was one of the founders of the Federalist Party—now the Republican,

and was among the originators of the Ways and Means Committee; was the leader of the Jefferson-Burr contest for President; served as secretary of the Treasury throughout the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, and declined this portfolio under President John Adams. He thus proved his proficiency through one of the crucial periods of our early history by his unequalled financial ability; and he was called into other fields of service. In 1813 he was made the head of the Peace Mission to Russia; and he proved to be one of the potent factors in the Treaty of Ghent, 1815, which ended our second war with Great Britain. He served as minister to France, 1815-25; was minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Saint James, 1826-7; and at one time declined the candidacy for Vice President. Many were the honors proffered him by his adopted country; he was not an office-seeker in the term that word implies; but a public-spirited, capable patriot, who was ready to do his part, and the office sought the man.

With his service abroad ended, he returned, 1827, and established his residence in New York City, where literary honors crowned the lengthening shadows of his evening hours. He was a voluminous writer; left works on finance, ethnology, and history; was one of the founders of the New York University; first president of the American Ethnological Society, 1842; and was president of the New York Historical Society from 1843 until his death. In 1849, when in his eighties,

and when another war situation loomed up, he wrote the papers on the Oregon Question, and it was his suggestions in these papers which seemed to calm the tempest and avert war. His usefulness knew no bounds.

Adieu to Friendship Hill



Gallatin at eventide

*His name is one of the fixed stars
in our National Firmament*

"Great always, without aiming to be great."

Bids Adieu to Friendship Hill

Albert Gallatin loved Friendship Hill, his college-day dream of a vast country estate, and would have been content to "live and die here." But the family could not adapt themselves to its wilderness privations, though they, too, loved it, and he finally admitted his mistake in "investing his patrimony in so unprofitable and troublesome a manner." It was in this frame of mind that he sold it, in 1832, to Albin Mellier, a Frenchman, whom he had met in Paris. Mr. Mellier, who did not seem able to cope with the financial demands of so vast an estate, did not survive long. He died about 1843, and for years the estate lay in the hands of his heirs, Amadee, Marie Louise, and Addie J. Mellier.

It was during the ownership of Mellier in 1842, that we catch an interesting glimpse of Friendship Hill through the "Recollections" of the late Reverend William Hanna, who was so impressed with its dilapidation that he suggests, as a fitting inscription for the door, "The glory has departed." He speaks of it as the "magnificent stone residence of Albert Gallatin, owned by Monsieur Mellier, a Frenchman;" and adds, "It had been originally finished in the most approved French style—the stone wall being plastered with

French cement, with network of copper wire suspended from ceiling to floor, two inches from the wall to prevent dampness. This network was broken and the paper torn, at the time of my visit."

The place continued in a state of dilapidation until 1859, when it passed into the hands of John Littleton Dawson, former Congressman, and brilliant attorney, of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, who took delight in beautifying and improving it, and who remained within its quiet retreat until he slipped away on September 18, 1870. His daughter, Mrs. Charles Speer, then kept it intact until 1910, when J. V. Thompson purchased it with the view of presenting it to the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as a shrine. But unfortunate circumstances intervened; and the Friendship Hill Association, made up of a patriotic group of citizens, then came forward, and now maintain it, with open doors; and thousands of visitors annually throng its stately halls, and awaken the slumbering echoes of the past.

But the name and fame of the Builder towers over all. Friendship Hill belongs instinctively to Albert Gallatin, and to the period in which he so courageously figured. The very mansion and its settings reflect his spirit, and the breezes in the branches overhead seem to whisper his name. This was the great outdoors he loved; the background of his unparalleled career. Some of the most important events in the formative period

of our country's history are interwoven into the very walls of the beautiful old mansion-house.

Albert Gallatin saw the end of life in New York City. Mrs. Gallatin slipped away on May 14, 1849. This was a crushing blow for he was already in failing health; and on Sunday, August 12, 1849, scarcely three months later, he fell asleep in his daughter's arms, at her home, "Mount Bonaparte," Astoria, Long Island, where he had been since the death of Mrs. Gallatin. Both rest in the Nicholson-Witter Vault in Trinity Churchyard in that city.

Albert Gallatin, born on January 29, 1761, was christened Abraham Alfonse Albert Gallatin, but all this was not in accord with the simplicity of the man, and he dropped the rest of his name in his school days, preferring to be known as plain Albert Gallatin, a decision which surely befriends the biographer. His father, Jean Gallatin, died before the boy had reached his fourth anniversary; and the mother, Sophie Albertine Rolaz de Rosey Gallatin, survived him only six years. Mll. Pictet, his maternal aunt, to whom he was greatly attached, brought him up. His only sister died in youth; so Albert Gallatin was all alone in the world. The male line of the family is said to be extinct in Switzerland, but it lives in America, and promises to continue in his succeeding generations of descendants.

Washington Irving, who met him at dinner not long before his death, leaves this inspiring picture of him:

“Mr. Gallatin was in fine spirits and full of conversation. He is upwards of eighty, yet all activity and clearness of mind, and gaiety of spirits of a young man. How delightful it is to see such intellectual and joyous old age; to see life running out clear to the last drop! with such a blessed temperament one would be content to linger and spin out the last thread of existence!”

What a tribute! How we appreciate this glimpse of him at the very close of life—life, so long, so well-spent, without blot or blemish to mar its story. And how glad we are that he has left a name that will shed its luster down the ages.



Lookout commanding view of Monongahela.

The Gallatin Family

Portraits of James and Josephine
Pascault Gallatin



James Gallatin's line is extinct. But he left quite a contribution to posterity in his Diary, which includes his romance with Josephine.

The Gallatin Family

The Gallatin Family was an interesting one. Six children were born of this union, but three only survived infancy. So let us follow this trio briefly in their ambitions and careers.

James Gallatin, 1796-1876, the first born, was his father's private secretary during his long foreign service; and it is through his diary, which has been published, that one catches the most interesting glimpses of the inner circle of this noted family. James was but sixteen at the beginning of his secretarial work, and the seven years of gay life at the court of Paris made an impression that lured him back to that city to spend his last years.

It was on May 14, 1823, that the Gallatins set sail for the homeland aboard the "Peacock." James confides many regrets to his diary, as he sees France, the land he has learned to love, fade from view. He is pleased that his father is bringing Lucien, a valet to whom he has become attached, but disgusted with the crudity and the dirt of New York City. Baltimore is somewhat better, but "culture is at such a low ebb, everyone calling the other by name; and the young men stare at me as if I were a wild beast let loose."

It is not difficult for one to imagine the impression that a young man of James Callatin's type, fresh from the gay circles of a foreign court, would make on almost any city of the Western World at that period of struggle and privation in our history, when few had little more than the bare necessities of life.

The elite of Paris had been the friends of the Gallatins. Among these friends was Madame Bonaparte, who was ever praising the beauty and grace of one Josephine Pascault, daughter of Marquis de Poleon Pascault, of Baltimore, until James looked forward with eagerness to meeting the young lady; "for I worship beauty," he confides to his diary. It was not long after his return, that the coveted opportunity presented itself. On September 22, 1823, he notes that he has met the "much-talked-of Miss Pascault, and I have never seen anything so lovely." From this moment he pressed his suit, and in December following, he won her promise. But all is not smooth sailing. Josephine is a Catholic and the Archbishop of Baltimore refuses to marry them in case there is a Protestant ceremony. The nuptials are delayed, but finally, in March, her father decides to dispense with the Catholic ceremony—tho he was ruled out of the church later—and on May 5, 1824, "We are back from our honeymoon" appears in James' diary, without record of the exact date of the wedding. Later, we find them at Friendship Hill, as already related in an earlier chapter.

On February 5, 1825, their only child, Albert Gallatin, was born. James returned to London as his father's secretary, but owing to the crudity of the passenger service, he could not take his wife and child, though he found the separation painful. Fate had played well her part in this affair, and their happiness continued to the end of life. James was prominently known in public affairs, and as a writer on currency and finance later in life. At the death of his father, he succeeded to the presidency of the National—afterward the Gallatin—Bank in New York City, but removed to Paris, where he died on May 28, 1876. Josephine survived until October 14, 1885. Both rest in Paris.

Albert Gallatin II, 1825-1859, their only child, seems to have been carrying out the wish of his Grandfather Gallatin in going to Switzerland, where he died, leaving two sons, Albert Louis and James Francis Gallatin. Their mother was Miss Harriet Duer Robinson.

Albert Louis Gallatin, 1850-1880, was married in Paris on May 2, 1875, but spent the end of his brief life in New York City. His wife survived him by a number of years; her death occurring on February 29, 1896. They left no issue.

James Francis Gallatin, 1853-1915, the second son, never married; so the line of James and Josephine Pascault Gallatin ends. James Francis Gallatin was reared by his grandfather, and to him the world is indebted for the publication of the Diary and other valuable infor-

mation. But let him tell the story, as he has given it in the preface of this Diary:

“In 1875, my grandfather handed me a large sealed package, telling me it contained his Diary, 1813-27, also important private documents. I was not in any case to publish any part of it until 1900. He died in the following year.” It lay unopened and nearly forgotten until last year—1914.” James Francis Gallatin was Count Gallatin; he died in London in 1915, the year following the publication of the Diary.

Albert Rolaz Gallatin, 1800-1890, the second son of Albert and Hannah Nicholson Gallatin, loved the wilds of Friendship Hill, and his stay abroad with the rest of the family was brief, as the lure of the forest was too strong for a long absence. He was educated at Princeton College; later studied law and was admitted to the bar. He settled in New York City, where he became prominent in business circles, and influential as a citizen. He was one of the first members of the Board of Brokers in that city and was conversant with the leading men of the day. He was married on November 7, 1837, to Miss Mary Lucile Stevens, daughter of Horatio Gates and Eliza Lucile Rhinelanders Stevens, who was born August 11, 1817, in New York City, and died there on December 23, 1892, surviving her husband by two years. They were the parents of three sons, Albert Horatio, Frederick W., and James Gallatin, whose descendants live in the various professions all over the country.

Albert Horatio Gallatin, 1839-1902, lived and died in New York. He and his wife, Louise Belford Ewing of Philadelphia, were the parents of Louise, who is Mrs. Charles M. Gay; and Albert Eugene Gallatin, the author of the "Portraits of Albert Gallatin."

Frederick W., 1841- —, and his wife Almy Goelet Gerry Gallatin, had issue. And James Gallatin, 1846-1890, and his wife, Elizabeth Hill Dawson, had seven children, so the name in America is secure for generations to come.

Frances Gallatin, 1803-1877, the only daughter of Albert and Hannah Nicholson Gallatin, became the wife of Byam Kirby Stevens, 1790-1870. The marriage took place on April 6, 1830, in New York, and called forth a letter of congratulations from Lafayette; as both were descended from old companions-in-arms of the noted Frenchman. Their children were: Albert Gallatin Stevens, Frances who was married to the Reverend Uriah Tracy, Alexander Henry, Eugene Rolaz, and Josephine, who died single.

Francis Gallatin Stevens fell heir to her father's Stuart Portrait, which appears in this little volume. He willed it to her for the period of her lifetime, and it was then to go to Albert, the son of James Gallatin; but he died before Frances and the portrait went to his widow, who sold it to Frederick W. Stevens, another grandson. Mr. Stevens presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, where it may be seen to-day.

Another portrait of Mr. Gallatin's which is secure in history, is the one that appears on the Two Per Cent Interest Check Consols of 1930; the \$50,000 Four One-Half Per Cent Registered Bond-funded loan of 1891; and the \$50,000 One-Year Registered and Coupon Treasury Notes—Act of December 13, 1913. This engraving was made from an old daguerreotype, furnished by the New York Historical Society, and corresponds to his likeness later in life.

Home of Albert Gallatin

*“His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”*

*Cedar and pine and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a wood theater
Of stateliest view.*

—MILTON



Drive and rear lawn.

The Friendship Hill of To-day

Much has been said of the Friendship Hill of the past, and much more might be said; but what shall we say of the Friendship Hill of to-day in all its modern beauty, with its good roads, its leafy driveways, its telephone, its automobiles, which eliminate the objectionable isolation of Mr. Gallatin's day, and make it one of the most attractive spots in the land.

No pen can describe, nor language portray, Nature so fair as the panorama that spread out before us when we first entered its portals, on a calm evening in late October when the magnificent forest was all aglow with the many-hued colors of the glorious autumn tide. Sun and clouds, as if by some secret pact for our special benefit, seemed to have staged their playful lights and shadows. The great mansion, combining in its architecture varied periods, with its clambering ivy, its spacious lawn in its wonderful setting of trees, enthroned upon an elevation overlooking the entire surrounding country, seemed to speak in audible tones of the distinct link it forms to an interesting past.

Native maples, pines, sugars and sycamores bend their whispering branches to the breezes as they did in Mr. Gallatin's time. One hundred thousand fir trees, furnished

by the Forestry Service, have been placed on the estate within recent years. The barn, the carriage houses, and other buildings incident to such an estate, and the deep old-fashioned well, add their interest to the vast whole.

From the lawn, with its commanding view of river and forest for miles around, we strolled over the stile in the fence and down the wellworn path in the forest to the little grave where the beautiful Sophia Allegre Gallatin so quietly sleeps, and—

*“Nature with folded hands seemed there
Kneeling in her evening prayer.”*

From this scene of surpassing impressiveness, we retraced our steps to the mansion, where the cheering rays of a bright, blazing fire dispelled all thought of the chill without, and lent effectiveness to the rich furnishings within.

These furnishings are in accord with the early American type, and are unusually well preserved. Among them are antique chests, tables, curly maple, mahogany and walnut furniture; china and willow-ware, rare old pieces that would be difficult to duplicate to-day.

Portraits of Mr. Gallatin and of other owners hang upon the wall. The old landgrant of 1788; the Republican Ticket of Jefferson's Campaign, 1796; “The Mirror” of July 14, 1798, with its congratulations on the occasion of the birthday of the “Sage of Vernon Hill”; and

an original pen copy of the Declaration of Independence, are on the library wall.

The Lafayette Room, with its portrait and other reminders of his presence here, is still intact. Many of the great men of that period who were entertained at the Gallatin Home occupied this chamber. Among those who are known to have slept here were Senators Philander Knox, and Daniel Spurgeon.

It would be difficult to find another mansion of its period in such a state of preservation and luxury, to say nothing of the surpassing sylvan beauty and charm which belong alone to Friendship Hill—a charm that is as distinctly its own, as its rare history, and its inimitable traditions.

